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The Phantom of the Opera

By Andrew Lloyd Webber

Sold. Your number, sir? Thank you.
Lot 663, then, ladies and gentlemen.
A poster from this house's production
of Hannibal by Chalumbeau.
- Showing here.
- Do I have 10 francs?
Five, then. Five I am bid. Six.
Seven. Against you, sir, seven.
Eight?
Eight once. Selling twice.
Sold, to Monsieur Deferre.
Thank you very much, sir.
Lot 664, a wooden pistol
and three human skulls...
...from the 1831 production
of Robert le Diable by Meyerbeer.
Ten francs for this.
Ten, thank you. Ten still.
Fifteen, thank you. Fifteen I'm bid.
Going at 15.
Your number, sir?
Lot 665, ladies and gentlemen...
...a papier-mache musical box
in the shape of a barrel organ.
Attached, the figure of a monkey
in Persian robes playing the cymbals.
This item discovered in the vaults
of the theater, still in working order.
Showing here.
May I commence at 15 francs?
Fifteen, thank you.
Yes, 20 from you, sir.
Thank you very much.
Madame Giry, 25. Thank you, madame.
Twenty-five I'm bid. Do I hear 30?
Thirty. And 35?
Selling at 30 francs, then.
Thirty once, 30 twice...
Sold for 30 francs
to the Vicomte de Chagny.
Thank you, sir.
A collector's piece indeed
Every detail
Exactly as she said

Will you still play
When all the rest of us are dead?
Lot 666, then.
A chandelier in pieces.
Some of you may recall the strange affair
of the Phantom of the Opera.
A mystery never fully explained.
We're told, ladies and gentlemen,
that this is the very chandelier...
...which figures in the famous disaster.
Our workshops have repaired it and wired
parts of it for the new electric light.
Perhaps we can frighten away
the ghost of so many years ago...
...with a little illumination.
Gentlemen?
The trophy
From our saviors
From our saviors
From the enslaving force...
... of Rome!
Madame.
With feasting and dancing and song
Tonight in celebration
we greet the victorious throng
Returned to bring salvation!
I've got them, monsieur.
Vicomte, welcome.
The trumpets of Carthage resound
Hear, Romans, now and tremble
Hark to our step on the ground
Hear the drums
Hannibal comes!
You make my dress train too long.
Sad to return
to find the land we love
Threatened once more
by Roma's far-reaching grasp
Gentlemen, gentlemen...
Rehearsals are under way for a new
production of Chalumbeau's Hannibal.
- Monsieur Lefevre, I am rehearsing.
- Monsieur Reyer, Madame Giry...
...ladies and gentlemen, please,

if I could have your attention?
As you know, there have been rumors
of my imminent retirement.
I can now tell you that these were all true,
and it is my pleasure to introduce you...
...to the two gentlemen who now own
the Opera Populaire...
...Monsieur Richard Firmin
and Monsieur Gilles Andre.
I'm sure you have read of their recent
fortune in the junk business.
Scrap metal, actually.
They must be rich.
And we are deeply honored
to introduce our new patron.
The Vicomte de Chagny.
I still can't believe we managed to get him.
It's such a coup for us, my dear.
It's Raoul.
Before my father died,
at the house by the sea...
...I guess you could say we were
childhood sweethearts.
- He called me Little Lotte.
- Christine, he's so handsome.
My parents and I are honored
to support all the arts...
...especially the world-renowned
Opera Populaire.
Gentlemen, Signora Carlotta Giudicelli,
our leading soprano for five seasons.
- Brava! Brava!
- Brava! Brava!
Signor Ubaldo Piangi.
An honor, signor. I believe
I'm keeping you from your rehearsal.
I will be here this evening to share
your great triumph. My apologies.
Thank you, monsieur.
- Once more if you please, signor.
- He love me. He love me.
Thank you, indeed, for the wonderful
words. So inspiring and encouraging...
He wouldn't recognize me.

- He didn't see you.
- If you please. Monsieur.
We take particular pride
in the excellence of our ballet.
I see why.
Especially that little blond angel.
My daughter, Meg Giry.
And that exceptional beauty.
No relation, I trust?
Christine Daae.
Promising talent, Monsieur Firmin.
Very promising.
Daae, did you say?
No relation to the famous
Swedish violinist?
His only child.
Orphaned at 7 when she came
to live and train in the ballet dormitories.
An orphan, you say?
I think of her as a daughter also.
Gentlemen, if you would kindly
stand to one side.
Hannibal's friends!
Ah, me! Not on my dress! Why?
The trumpeting elephants sound
Hear, Romans, now and tremble
Hark to their step on the ground
Hear the drums!
Hannibal comes!
All day!
All they want is the dancing!
Well, the Vicomte is very excited
about tonight's gala.
I hope he is as excited by dancing girls
as your new managers...
...because I will not be singing!
Get my doggy, bring my doggy. Bye-bye.
- What do we do?
- Grovel.
- Grovel, grovel.
- Right.
- I'm going now. It is finished.
- World-renowned artist and great beauty.
Bella diva.

Goddess of song.
Monsieur Reyer, isn't there
a rather marvelous aria for Elissa...
...in Act 3 of Hannibal?
Perhaps the signora...
Because I have not my costume for
Act 3. Because somebody not finish it!
And I hate my hat!
Signora, as a personal favor, would you
oblige us with a private rendition?
Unless, of course,
Monsieur Reyer objects.
If my managers command.
- Monsieur Reyer?
- If my diva commands.
Yes, I do.
Everybody, very quiet.
- Monsieur, why exactly are you retiring?
- My health.
- I see.
- You as well!
Signora.
Maestro.
Think of me
Think of me fondly
When we've said goodbye
Remember me once in a while
Please promise me you'll try
When you find that once again
you long to take your heart back
And be free...
- Oh, my God, signora!
- I hate you.
- Lift it up!
- He's here. The Phantom of the Opera.
Signora, are you all right? Buquet!
For God's sake, what's going on up there?
Please, monsieur, don't look at me.
As God's my judge, I wasn't at my post.
Please, monsieur, there's no one there.
Or if there is, well, then,
it must be a ghost.
Signora, these things do happen.
For the past three years

these things do happen.
And did you stop them
from happening? No!
And you two, you are as bad as him.
"These things do happen."
Until you stop these things from happening,
this thing does not happen!
- Bring my doggy and my boxy.
- Amateurs.
Now you see.
Bye-bye, I'm really leaving.
Gentlemen, good luck.
If you need me, I shall be in Australia.
Signora Giudicelli, she will be
coming back, won't she?
You think so, monsieur?
- I have a message from the Opera Ghost.
- Oh, God in heaven, you're all obsessed!
- He welcomes you to his opera house.
- His opera house?
And commands that you continue
to leave box five empty...
...for his use. And reminds you
that his salary is due.
His salary?
Well, Monsieur Lefevre used to give him
Twenty thousand francs?
Perhaps you can afford more.
With the vicomte as your patron?
Madame, I had hoped to make
that announcement public tonight...
...when the vicomte was to join us
for the gala.
Obviously, we shall now have to cancel,
as it appears we have lost our star!
- But surely there must be an understudy.
- There is no understudy for La Carlotta!
A full house, Andre.
We shall have to refund a full house!
Christine Daae could sing it, sir.
What, a chorus girl? Don't be silly.
She has been taking lessons
from a great teacher.
- Who?

- I don't know his name, monsieur.
Let her sing for you, monsieur.
She has been well taught.
All right.
Come on, don't be shy.
Come on, come along. Just...
From the beginning of the aria then,
please, mademoiselle.
- Andre, this is doing nothing for my nerves.
- She's very pretty.
Think of me
Think of me fondly
When we've said goodbye
Remember me once in a while
Please promise me you'll try
When you find
that once again you long...
... to take your heart back
and be free
If you ever find a moment
Spare a thought for me
We never said our love was evergreen
or as unchanging as the sea
But if you can still remember
Stop and think of me
Think of all the things
we've shared and seen
Don't think about the way
Things might have been
Think of me, think of me waking
Silent and resigned
Imagine me, trying too hard...
... to put you from my mind
Recall those days
Look back on all those times
Think of the things we'll never do
There will never be a day
When I won't think of you
Can it be?
Can it be Christine?
Bravo!
Long ago
it seems so long ago
How young and innocent we were

She may not remember me
But I remember her
Flowers fade
The fruits of summer fade
They have their seasons
So do we
But please promise me
that sometimes
You will think...
... of me
Brava!
Brava!
Brava, brava, bravissima
Christine, Christine
Christine
Where in the world
have you been hiding?
Really, you were perfect
I only wish
I knew your secret
Who is your great tutor?
Meg...
...when your mother
brought me here to live...
... whenever I'd come down here alone...
... to light a candle for my father...
... a voice, from above...
... and in my dreams,
he was always there.
You see...
... when my father lay dying...
... he told me I would be protected
by an angel.
An angel of music.
Christine, do you believe?
Do you think the spirit of your
father's coaching you?
Who else, Meg? Who?
Father once spoke of an angel
I used to dream he'd appear
Now as I sing
I can sense him
And I know he's here
Here in this room

he calls me softly
Somewhere inside hiding
Somehow I know
he's always with me
He, the unseen genius
Christine,
you must have been dreaming...
... stories like this can't come true
Christine, you're talking in riddles
And it's not like you
Angel of Music
Guide and guardian
- Grant to me your glory
- Who is this angel?
- This Angel of Music, hide no longer
- This Angel of Music, hide no longer
- Secret and strange angel
- Secret and strange angel
He's with me even now
- Your hands are cold
- All around me
Your face, Christine, it's white
- It frightens me
- Don't be frightened
No.
No.
You did very well, my dear.
He is pleased with you.
- Vicomte.
- Vicomte.
We've made quiet a discovery
with Miss Daae.
Perhaps we could present her
to you, dear vicomte?
If you wouldn't mind, this is one visit
I should prefer to make unaccompanied.
Thank you.
It would appear they've met before.
Little Lotte let her mind wander.
Little Lotte thought, "Am I fonder
of dolls or of goblins or shoes?"
- Raoul.
- "Or of riddles or frocks?"
- Those picnics in the attic.

- "Or of chocolates?"
- Father playing the violin.
- As we read to each other...
...dark stories of the North.
- No.
"What I love best," Lotte said,
"is when I'm asleep in my bed."
And the Angel of Music
sings songs in my head
The Angel of Music
sings songs in my head
You sang like an angel tonight.

Father said:

"When I'm in heaven, child, I will
send the Angel of Music to you."
Well, father is dead, Raoul.
And I have been visited
by the Angel of Music.
No doubt of it.
And now we go to supper.
No, Raoul.
- The Angel of Music is very strict.
- Well, I shan't keep you up late.
Raoul, no.
You must change.
I'll order my carriage, Little Lotte.
No. Raoul, wait!
Insolent boy, this slave of fashion
Basking in your glory
Ignorant fool, this brave young suitor
Sharing in my triumph
Angel, I hear you
Speak, I listen
Stay by my side
Guide me
Angel, my soul was weak
Forgive me
Enter at last, master
Flattering child, you shall know me
See why in shadow I hide
Look at your face in the mirror
I am there inside!
Angel of Music, guide and guardian

Grant to me your glory
Angel of Music, hide no longer
Come to me, strange angel
I am your Angel of Music
Come to me, Angel of Music
Whose is that voice?
Who is that in there?
- I am your Angel of Music
- Christine. Christine!
Come to me, Angel of Music
In sleep he sang to me
In dreams he came
That voice which calls to me
And speaks my name
And do I dream again?
For now I find...
The Phantom of the Opera is there...
... inside my mind
Sing once again with me
Our strange duet
My power over you...
... grows stronger yet
And though you turn from me...
... to glance behind
The Phantom of the Opera is there...
... inside your mind
Those who have seen your face...
... draw back in fear
I am the mask you wear
It's me they hear
- Your spirit and my voice
- My spirit and your voice
- In one combined
- In one combined
- The Phantom of the Opera is there
- The Phantom of the Opera is there
- Inside my mind
- Inside your mind
He's there, the Phantom of the Opera
Sing, my Angel of Music.
Sing, my angel.
Sing for me!
Sing, my angel.
Sing for me!

I have brought you
To the seat of sweet music's throne
To this kingdom where all must
pay homage to music
Music, you have come here
For one purpose, and one alone
Since the moment
I first heard you sing
I have needed you with me
to serve me, to sing
For my music
My music
Nighttime sharpens...
... heightens each sensation
Darkness stirs...
... and wakes imagination
Silently the senses...
... abandon their defenses
Slowly, gently
Night unfurls its splendor
Grasp it, sense it
Tremulous and tender
Turn your face away
From the garish light of day
Turn your thoughts away
From cold, unfeeling light
And listen to
the music of the night
Close your eyes and surrender
to your darkest dreams
Purge your thoughts of the life
you knew before
Close your eyes
Let your spirit start...
... to soar
And you'll live
as you've never lived before
Softly, deftly
Music shall caress you
Hear it, feel it
Secretly possess you
Open up your mind
Let your fantasies unwind
In this darkness that you know...

... you cannot fight
The darkness of
the music of the night
Let your mind start a journey
through a strange new world
Leave all thoughts of the life
you knew before
Let your soul take you
Where you long to be
Only then can you belong...
... to me
Floating, falling
Sweet intoxication
Touch me, trust me
Savor each sensation
Let the dream begin
Let your darker side give in...
... to the power of the music that I write
The power of
the music of the night
You alone can make my song take flight
Help me make...
The music of the...
... night
Christine?
Like yellow parchment is his skin
A great black hole serves
as the nose that never grew
You must be always on your guard
Or he will catch you
with his magical lasso
Oh, my.
Those who speak of what they know
Find too late that prudent silence is wise
Joseph Buquet, hold your tongue
Keep your hand at the level of your eyes.
I remember there was mist
Swirling mist upon a vast, glassy lake
There were candles all around
And on the lake there was a boat
And in the boat there was a man
Who was that shape in the shadows?
Whose is the face in the mask?
Damn you!

You little prying Pandora
You little demon!
Is this what you wanted to see?
Curse you!
You little lying Delilah
You little viper
Now you cannot ever be free
Damn you!
Curse you!
Stranger than you dreamt it
Can you even dare to look...
... or bear to think of me?
This loathsome gargoyle
who burns in hell
But secretly yearns for heaven...
...secretly, secretly
Christine
Fear can turn to love
You'll learn to see
to find the man
Behind the monster, this
Repulsive carcass
who seems a beast
But secretly dreams of beauty
... secretly, secretly
Oh, Christine
Come, we must return.
Those two fools who run
my theater will be missing you.
"Mystery after gala night"
It says
"Mystery of soprano's flight"
"Mystified"
All the papers say
"We are mystified
We suspect foul play"
Bad news on soprano scene
first Carlotta, now Christine...
... still at least the seats get sold
Gossip's worth its weight in gold
What a way to run a business
Spare me these unending trials
Half your cast disappears
but the crowd still cheers

Opera!

To hell with Gluck and Handel

Have a scandal

- And you're sure to have a hit

- Damnable, will they all walk out?

- This is damnable

- Andre, please don't shout

It's publicity, and the take is vast
free publicity

But we have no cast

Andre, have you seen the queue?

It seems you've got one too

"Dear Andre, what a charming gala

Christine was, in a word, sublime

We were hardly bereft

when Carlotta left

On that note, the diva's a disaster

Must you cast her

when she's seasons past her prime?"

"Dear Firmin, just a brief reminder

My salary has not been paid

Send it care of the Ghost

by return of post PTO

No one likes a debtor

so it's better if my orders are obeyed"

Who would have the gall to send this?

- Someone with a puerile brain

- These are both signed O.G.

- Who the hell is he?

- Opera Ghost

- It's nothing short of shocking

- He is mocking our position

- In addition he wants money

- What a funny apparition

To expect a large retainer

he is clearly quite insane

- Where is she?

- Carlotta?

I mean, Miss Daae

Where is she?

- How do we know?

- I want an answer

- You sent me this note

- What's this nonsense?

- Of course not
- Don't look at us
- She's not with you?
- Of course not
- We're in the dark
- Don't argue, isn't this the letter you wrote?

And what is it that

we're meant to have wrote?

Written.

"Do not fear for Miss Daae.

The Angel of Music

has her under his wing.

Make no attempt to see her again."

- If you didn't write it, who did?
- Where is he?
- Welcome back
- Your precious patron, where is he?
- What is it?
- I have your letter
- A letter I rather resent
- Did you send it?
- Of course not
- As if he would
- You didn't send it?
- Of course not
- What's going on?
- Tell me, this is not the letter you sent?

And what is it

that I'm meant to have sent?

"Your days at the Opera Populaire
are numbered.

Christine Daae will be singing
on your behalf tonight.

Be prepared for a great misfortune...

...should you attempt to take her place."

Far too many notes for my taste

And most of them about Christine

All we've heard since we came

is Miss Daae's name

- Miss Daae has returned
- I hope no worse for wear
- As far as we're concerned
- Where precisely is she now?

I thought it best she was alone

She needed rest

- May I see her?

- No, monsieur, she will see no one

Will she sing? Will she sing?

- Here, I have a note

- Let me see it

Please.

"Gentlemen, I have now sent you several
notes of the most amiable nature...

...detailing how my theater is to be run.

You have not followed my instructions.

I shall give you one last chance.

Christine Daae has returned to you

And I am anxious

her career should progress...

... in the new production of II Muto

You will therefore cast Carlotta...

... as the pageboy

And put Miss Daae

in the role of countess

The role which Miss Daae plays...

... calls for charm and appeal

The role of the pageboy is silent

which makes my casting

in a word, ideal

I shall watch the performance

from my normal seat in box five...

...which will be kept empty for me.

Should these commands be ignored...

...a disaster beyond

your imagination will occur.

I remain, gentlemen,

your obedient servant. O.G."

- Christine

- Whatever next?

- It's all a ploy to help Christine

- This is insane

I know who sent this

The vicomte, her lover

- Indeed! Can you believe this?

- Signora

- Signora

- You are our star

- And always will be

- Signora
- The man is mad
- We don't take orders
Miss Daae will be playing
the pageboy, the silent role.
Carlotta will be playing the lead
- It's useless trying to appease me
- Appease her
- You're only saying this to please me
- To please her
- Who scorn his word, beware to those
- You have reviled me
- The angel sees, the angel knows
- You have rebuked me
- Signora, pardon us
- You have replaced me
Please, signora, we beseech you
- I must see her
- This hour shall see your darkest fears
- The angel knows, the angel hears
- Where did she go?
Signora, sing for us
Don't be a martyr
- What new surprises lie in store?
- Our star!
Would you please give this
to Miss Daae? Miss Daae?
Your public needs you.
We need you too.
Would you not rather have
your precious little ingnue?
- Signora, no.
- Signora, no.
The world wants you
Prima donna
first lady of the stage
Your devotees
Are on their knees
To implore you
Can you bow out when
they're shouting your name?
Think of how they all adore you
Prima donna
enchant us once again

- Think of your muse
 - And of the queues round the theater
 Can you deny us
 the triumph in store?
 Sing, prima donna
 once more
 - Christine spoke of an angel
 - Prima donna
 Your song shall live again
 - Think of your public
 - You took a snub
 - But there's a public who needs you
 - She has heard the voice
 - Of the Angel of Music
 - Those who hear your voice
 - Liken you to an angel
 - Think of their cry of undying support
 - We get our opera
 - She gets her limelight
 - Follow where the limelight leads you
 - Leading ladies are a trial
 Prima donna
 Your song shall never die
 - You'll sing again and to unending ovation
 - Orders, warnings
 - Lunatic demands
 - Lunatic demands are regular occurrences
 Think how you'll shine
 in that final encore
 Surely there'll be further scenes
 worse than this
 I must see these demands are rejected
 Who'd believe a diva happy
 To relieve a chorus girl
 Who's gone and slept with the patron?
 Raoul and the soubrette
 entwined in love's duet
 Although he may demur
 he must have been with her
 You'd never get away
 with all this in a play
 But if it's loudly sung
 and in a foreign tongue
 It's just the sort of story

audiences adore
- In fact, a perfect opera
- For if his curse is on the opera
Prima donna, the world is at your feet
A nation waits
and how it hates to be cheated
Light up the stage...
... with that age-old rapport
Sing, prima donna
Once more
Go on, go, go.
They say that this youth
has set my lady's heart aflame
His Lordship, sure
would die of shock
His Lordship is a laughingstock
Should he suspect her, God protect her
shame, shame, shame
This faithless lady's
bound for Hades
Shame, shame, shame
Serafimo, your disguise is perfect
Why, who can this be?
Gentle wife
Admit your loving husband
That's exactly the sort of thing
the public loves.
My love, I'm called to England
on affairs of state
And must leave you
with your new maid
Though I would happily
take the maid with me.
The old fool is leaving.
It's the Countess de Charbourg.
She's invited us to her salon, you know.
Nothing like that ever happened
in the junk business.
Scrap metal.
Serafimo, away with this pretense
You cannot speak
but kiss me in my husband's absence
Poor fool, he makes me laugh
Time I tried to get a better

better half
Poor fool, he doesn't know
If he knew the truth
he'd never ever go
Did I not instruct that box five
was to be kept empty?
He's here, the Phantom of the Opera.
- It's him.
- Your part is silent, little toad.
A toad, madame?
Perhaps it is you who are the toad.
Why you spray on my chin
all the time, huh?
Serafimo, away with this pretense
You cannot speak
but kiss me in my...
Gentlemen, please, please.
Poor fool, he makes me laugh
She's lost her voice.
Mother!
Bring the curtain in, please, will you?
Get off.
Ladies and gentlemen, we apologize.
The performance will continue
in 10 minutes' time...
...when the role of the countess
will be played by Miss Daae.
Thank you.
Go, go, hurry up. Hurry up.
Until then, we would crave your
indulgence for a few moments.
Meanwhile, we'd like to give you
the ballet from Act 3 of tonight's opera.
- What?
- Maestro...
...the ballet, bring it forward, please.
- The ballet.
- The ballet, now, please.
Thank you.
You're fired.
- Are you all right?
- Raoul, we're not safe here.
Ladies and gentlemen,
please remain in your seats.

Do not panic.
It's simply an accident.
An accident.
Why have you brought me here?
- We can't go back there
- We must return
He'll kill you
His eyes will find us there
- Christine, don't say that
- Those eyes that burn
- Don't even think it
- If he has to kill a thousand men
- Forget this waking nightmare
- The Phantom of the Opera will kill
Believe me
There is no Phantom of the Opera
My God, who is this man
who hunts to kill?
- This mask of death
- I can't escape from him
- Whose is this voice you hear
- I never will
- With every breath?
- And in this labyrinth
Where night is blind
- The Phantom of the Opera is here
- The Phantom of the Opera is there
- Inside my mind
- Inside your mind
There is no Phantom of the Opera
Raoul, I've been there...
... to his world of unending night
To a world where the daylight
dissolves into darkness
Darkness
Raoul, I've seen him
Can I ever forget that sight?
Can I ever escape from that face?
So distorted, deformed
it was hardly a face...
... in that darkness
Darkness
But his voice filled my spirit
with a strange, sweet sound

In that night
there was music in my mind
And through music
my soul began...
... to soar
And I heard...
- ... as I'd never heard before
- What you heard was a dream...
... and nothing more
Yet in his eyes
All the sadness of the world
Those pleading eyes...
... that both threaten...
... and adore
Christine
Christine
Christine...
No more talk of darkness
Forget these wide-eyed fears
I'm here
Nothing can harm you
My words will warm and calm you
Let me be your freedom
Let daylight dry your tears
I'm here with you, beside you...
... to guard you and to guide you
Say you love me
Every waking moment
Turn my head...
... with talk of summertime
Say you need me with you
Now and always
Promise me...
... that all you say is true
- That's all I ask of you
- Let me be your shelter
Let me be your light
You're safe
No one will find you
Your fears are far behind you
All I want is freedom
A world with no more night
And you always beside me
To hold me and to hide me

Then say you'll share with me
One love, one lifetime
Let me lead you
From your solitude
Say you need me
with you
Here beside you
Anywhere you go
Let me go too
Christine
That's all I ask of you
Say you'll share with me
One love, one lifetime
Say the word
and I will follow you
Share each day with me
Each night, each morning
- Say you love me
- You know I do
Love me
That's all I ask of you
Anywhere you go, let me go too
Love me
That's all I ask of you
I must go
They'll wonder where I am
Come with me, Raoul
Christine, I love you
Order your fine horses
Be with them at the door
And soon you'll be beside me
You'll guard me and you'll guide me
I gave you my music...
... made your song take wing
And now
how you've repaid me...
... denied me
and betrayed me
He was bound to love you...
... when he heard you sing
Christine
Say you'll share with me
One love, one lifetime
Say the word

and I will follow you
Share each day with me
Each night, each morning
You will curse the day
You did not do
All that the Phantom
Asked of you
Monsieur Andre.
Monsieur Firmin.
Dear Andre, what a splendid party
The prologue to a bright new year
- Quite a night, I'm impressed
- Well, one does one's best
- Here's to us
- The toast of all the city
What a pity that
The Phantom can't be here
Masquerade!
Paper faces on parade
Masquerade
Hide your face
So the world will never find you
Masquerade!
Every face a different shade
Masquerade
Look around
There's another mask behind you
Flash of mauve, splash of puce
fool and king, ghoul and goose
Green and black, queen and priest
trace of rouge, face of beast
- Faces! Take your turn
- Take a ride
- On the merry-go-round
- In an inhuman race
Eye of gold, thigh of blue
true is false, who is who?
Curl of lip, swirl of gown
ace of hearts, face of clown
Faces!
Drink it in, drink it up
Till you've drowned
in the light, in the sound
But who can name the face?

Masquerade!
Grinning yellows, spinning reds
Masquerade
Take your fill
Let the spectacle astound you
Masquerade!
Burning glances, turning heads
Masquerade
Stop and stare
at the sea of smiles around you
Masquerade
Seething shadows, breathing lies
Masquerade
You can fool any friend
who ever knew you
Masquerade!
Leering satyrs, peering eyes
Masquerade
Run and hide
But a face will still pursue you
- What a night
- What a crowd
- Makes you glad
- Makes you proud
- All the creme de la creme
- Watching us watching them...
- Three months of relief
- ... of delight
- Of Elysian peace
- And we can breathe at last
- No more notes
- No more ghost
- Here's to health
- Here's a toast to a prosperous year
- To our friends who are here
- And may our splendor never fade
What a blessed release
And what a masquerade
Think of it
A secret engagement.
Look, your future bride.
- Just think of it.
- But why is it secret?
What have we to hide?

You promised me.

- No, Raoul. Please don't. They'll see.

- Let them see.

It's an engagement, not a crime.

Christine, what are you afraid of?

- Let's not argue

- Let's not argue

- Please pretend

- I can only hope

- You will understand in time

- I'll understand in time

Masquerade!

Paper faces on parade

Masquerade

Hide your face

so the world will never find you

Masquerade!

Every face a different shade

Masquerade

Look around

There's another mask behind you

Masquerade!

Burning glances, turning heads

Masquerade

Stop and stare

at the sea of smiles around you

Masquerade!

Grinning yellows, spinning reds

Masquerade

Take your fill

Let the spectacle astound you

Why so silent, good messieurs?

Did you think that

I had left you for good?

Have you missed me, good messieurs?

I have written you an opera

Here, I bring the finished score

Don Juan Triumphant

Fondest greetings to you all

A few instructions

just before rehearsal starts

Carlotta must be taught to act

Not her normal trick

of strutting round the stage

Our Don Juan must lose some weight
It's not healthy...
... in a man of Piangi's age
And my managers must learn
That their place is in an office
Not the arts
As for our star
Miss Christine Daae
No doubt she'll do her best
It's true her voice is good
She knows, though
Should she wish to excel
She has much still to learn
If pride will let her
return to me
Her teacher
Her teacher
Your chains are still mine!
You belong to me!
- Madame Giry...
- Please, I know no more than anyone else.
- That's not true!
- Monsieur, don't ask.
- There have been too many accidents.
- Accidents?
Please, Madame Giry...
...for all our sakes.
Very well.
It was years ago.
There was a traveling fair in the city.
Gypsies.
I was very young.
Studying to be a ballerina.
One of many.
Living in the dormitories
of the opera house.
See the wonder from the East!
Come.
Come.
Come inside.
Come and see the Devil's Child.
Behold, mesdames and messieurs,
the Devil's Child!
Devil's Child.

Murder!

- Murder!

- Which way?!

That way! That way!

He's getting away!

I hid him from the world
and its cruelties.

He has known nothing else
of life since then...

...except this opera house.

It was his playground...

...and now his artistic domain.

He's a genius.

He's an architect and designer.

He's a composer and a magician.

- A genius, monsieur.

- But clearly, Madame Giry...

...genius has turned to madness.

- Monsieur.

- Where to?

The cemetery.

To my father's grave, please.

- Where have they gone?

- The cemetery.

In sleep, he sang to me

In dreams, he came

That voice, which calls to me...

... and speaks my name

Little Lotte thought of everything
and nothing.

Her father promised her that he would
send her the Angel of Music.

Her father promised her.

Her father promised her.

You were once

my one companion

You were all that mattered

You were once

a friend and father

Then my world was shattered...

... wishing you were somehow here again

... wishing you were somehow near

Sometimes it seemed

if I just dreamed...

... somehow you would be here...
... wishing I could hear your voice again
... knowing that I never would
Dreaming of you
won't help me to do...
... all that you dreamed I could
Passing bells and sculpted angels
Cold and monumental...
... seem for you...
... the wrong companions
You were warm and gentle
Too many years
fighting back tears
Why can't the past just die?
Wishing you were somehow here again
Knowing we must say goodbye
Try to forgive
Teach me to live
Give me the strength to try
No more memories
No more silent tears
No more gazing across
The wasted years
Help me say
Goodbye
Help me say
Goodbye
Wandering child
so lost, so helpless
Yearning for my guidance
Angel or father
friend or phantom?
- Who is it there staring?
- Have you forgotten your angel?
Angel, oh, speak
what endless longings
Echo in this whisper
Too long you've wandered in winter...
... far from my fathering gaze
- Wildly, my mind beats against you
- You resist
- Yet your soul obeys
- Yet the soul obeys
- Angel of Music, you denied me

- Angel of Music, I denied you
- Turning from true beauty
- Turning from true beauty
- Angel of Music, do not shun me
- Angel of Music, my protector
- Come to your strange angel
- Come to me, strange angel
I am your Angel of Music
Come to me, Angel...
- ... of Music
- No, Christine! Wait!
Wait!
- Raoul!
- Whatever you believe, this man...
...this thing is not your father!
No, Raoul!
No.
Not like this.
Now let it be war upon you both.
We have all been blind
And yet the answer
is staring us in the face
This could be the chance...
... to ensnare our clever friend
- We're listening
- Go on
We shall play his game
Perform his work
But remember, we hold the ace
For if Miss Daae sings
he is certain to attend
- We are certain the doors are barred
- We are certain the police are there
We are certain they're armed
The curtain falls
His reign will end
Raoul, I'm frightened.
Don't make me do this.
Raoul.
It scares me.
Don't put me through
this ordeal by fire.
He'll take me.
I know.

We'll be parted forever.
He won't let me go.
What I once used to dream...
... I now dread.
If he finds me, it won't ever end.
And he'll always be there
Singing songs in my head
He'll always be there
Singing songs in my head
You said yourself
He was nothing but a man
Yet while he lives
He will haunt us
Till we're dead
Twisted every way
What answer can I give?
Am I to risk my life...
... to win the chance to live?
Can I betray the man...
... who once inspired my voice?
Do I become his prey?
Do I have any choice?
He kills without a thought
He murders all that's good
I know I can't refuse
And yet, I wish I could
Oh, God, if I agree
What horrors wait for me...
... in this, the Phantom's opera?
Christine, Christine
Don't think that I don't care
But every hope and every prayer...
... rests on you now
Seal my fate tonight
I hate to have to cut the fun short
But the joke's wearing thin
Let the audience in
Let my opera begin
Here the sire may serve the dam
Here the master takes his meat
Here the sacrificial lamb...
... utters one despairing bleat
Poor young maiden
For the thrill on your tongue

of stolen sweets...
... you will have to pay the bill...
... tangled in the winding sheets
Serve the meal and serve the maid
Serve the meal and serve the maid
Serve the master so that when
tables, plans and maids are laid
Don Juan triumphs...
... once again
Passarino, faithful friend...
... once again recite the plan
Your young guest believes I'm you
I, the master
You, the man
When you met you wore my cloak
she could not have seen your face
She believes she dines with me
in her master's borrowed place
Furtively, we'll scoff and quaff
stealing what, in truth, is mine
When it's late and modesty
starts to mellow with the wine
You come home, I use your voice
slam the door like crack of doom
I shall say, "Come hide with me
where, oh, where? Of course, my room!"
- Poor thing hasn't got a chance
- Here's my hat, my cloak and sword
Conquest is assured
if I do not forget myself and laugh
No thoughts within her head
but thoughts of joy
No dreams within her heart...
... but dreams of love
Master?
Passarino
Go away, for the trap is set
And waits for its prey
You have come here...
... in pursuit of your deepest urge
In pursuit of that wish
which till now...
... has been silent
Silent

I have brought you...
... that our passions
may fuse and merge
In your mind
You've already succumbed to me
Dropped all defenses
Completely succumbed to me
Now you are here with me
No second thoughts
You've decided
Decided
Past the point of no return
No backward glances
Our games of make-believe...
... are at an end
Past all thought of "if" or "when "
No use resisting
Abandon thought
And let the dream descend
What raging fire shall flood the soul?
What rich desire unlocks its door?
What sweet seduction lies before us?
Past the point of no return
The final threshold
What warm, unspoken secrets
Will we learn?
Beyond the point of no...
... return
You have brought me...
... to that moment
when words run dry
... to that moment
when speech disappears...
... into silence
Silence
I have come here
Hardly knowing the reason why
In my mind
I've already imagined...
... our bodies entwining
Defenseless and silent
Now I am here with you
No second thoughts
I've decided

Decided
Past the point of no return
No going back now
Our passion play
has now at last begun
Past all thought of right or wrong
One final question
How long should we two wait
Before we're one?
When will the blood begin to race?
The sleeping bud burst into bloom?
When will the flames at last
Consume us?
Past the point of no return
The final threshold
The bridge is crossed
So stand and watch it burn
We've passed the point of no
Return
Say you'll share with me
One love
One lifetime
Lead me, save me...
... from my solitude
Say you want me with you
Here beside you
Anywhere you go
Let me go too
Christine
That's all I ask of...
Go!
Piangi, my love!
Oh, my God!
We're ruined, Andre. Ruined!
Where did he take her?
Come with me.
I will take you to him.
But remember, keep your hand
at the level of your eyes!
- I'll come with you!
- No, Meg, no.
You must stay here.
Come with me. Do as I say.
No!

Down once more to the dungeons
of my black despair
Down we plunge to the prison
of my mind
Down that path into darkness
Deep as hell
Why, you ask, was I bound and chained
in this cold and dismal place?
Not for any mortal sin
but the wickedness of my abhorrent face!
Track down this murderer!
He must be found!
Track down this murderer!
He must be found!
Hounded out by everyone...
... met with hatred everywhere
No kind words from anyone
No compassion anywhere
Christine
Why?
Why?
- Your hand at the level of your eyes
- At the level of your eyes
At the level of your eyes
This is as far as I dare go.
Thank you.
Have you gorged yourself
at last...
... in your lust for blood?
Am I now to be prey...
... to your lust for flesh?
That fate which condemns me
to wallow in blood...
... has also denied me
the joys of the flesh
This face, the infection...
... which poisons our love
This face which earned...
... a mother's fear and loathing
A mask
My first unfeeling
scrap of clothing
Pity comes too late
Turn around and face your fate

An eternity of this...
... before your eyes
This haunted face...
... holds no horror for me now
It's in your soul...
... that the true distortion lies
Wait! I think, my dear
We have a guest
- Sir
- Raoul!
This is indeed an unparalleled delight
I had rather hoped
That you would come
And now, my wish comes true
- You have truly made my night
- Let me go.
Free her!
Do what you like
Only free her!
- Have you no pity?
- Your lover makes a passionate plea
- Please, Raoul, it's useless
- I love her
Does that mean nothing?
I love her!
- Show some compassion
- The world showed no compassion to me!
Christine, Christine
Let me see her
Be my guest, sir
Monsieur, I bid you welcome
Did you think that I would harm her?
Why would I make her pay...
... for the sins which are yours?
Order your fine horses now!
Raise up your hand
to the level of your eyes!
Nothing can save you now...
... except perhaps Christine
Start a new life with me
Buy his freedom with your love
Refuse me, and you send
your lover to his death!
This is the choice!

This is the point of no return!
The tears I might have shed...
... for your dark fate...
... grow cold and turn...
... to tears of hate
Christine, forgive me
Please, forgive me
- I did it all for you and all for nothing
- Farewell, my fallen idol and false friend
- We had such hopes
- Too late for turning back
- Now those hopes are shattered
- Too late for prayers and pity
- Say you love him
- All hope of cries for help
- And my life is over
- No point in fighting
- For either way you choose you cannot win
- But either way you choose he has to win
So do you end your days with me?
Or do you send him to his grave?
Why make her lie to you
to save me?
- Angel of Music
- Past the point of no return
- Christine, say no!
- Who deserves this?
- Don't throw your life away for my sake
- His life is now the prize...
- ... which you must earn
- I fought so hard to free you
- You've passed the point of no return
- Angel of Music
You deceived me
I gave you my mind blindly.
You try my patience.
Make your choice.
Pitiful creature of darkness
What kind of life have you known?
God give me courage
to show you...
... you are not alone
Track down this murderer
Take her! Forget me

Forget all of this
Leave me alone
Forget all you've seen
Go now
Don't let them find you
Take the boat
Swear to me never to tell...
... the secrets you know
of the angel in hell
The Phantom of the Opera is there
Deep down below
Go now
Go now and leave me!
Masquerade
Paper faces on parade
Masquerade
Hide your face
so the world will never find you
Christine, I love you
Say you'll share with me
One love, one lifetime
Say the word...
... and I will follow you
Share each day with me...
... each night, each morning
You alone can make my song...
... take flight
It's over now
The music...
... of the night